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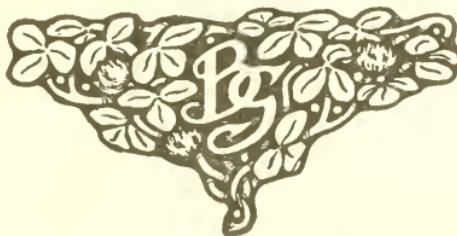






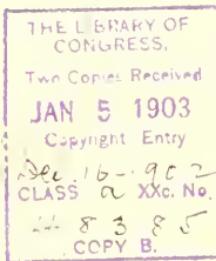
# CLOVER & THISTLE ☘

by Clyde Alison Mann



THE BLUE SKY PRESS  
CHICAGO

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TO MY WIFE

✓  
L.S.

## TO A CANARY

Don Orsino, sing to Jane  
Of the sunshine, of the rain  
Of the April natal day,  
Of her childhood, and its play ;  
Of the evening lullabyes  
When to sleep, with happy sighs,  
She was sung. Bring to Jane  
Her first birthdays back again.

Don Orsino, sing to Jane  
Of the sunny days and rain  
In the years that later came ;  
Sing of dancing tongues of flame,  
In a circle at the hearth  
And the moving shadows swarth ;  
Of the birthday cheer sing on,  
Sing and sing, oh sweet voiced Don !

Don Orsino, sing away  
Notes of every golden day  
When the sun was shining high  
From a cloudless, springtime sky  
On my sweetheart Jane, and me  
In an April ecstasy.  
Sing Orsino, sing with zest,  
Of the maid that I loved best !

Don Orsino, sing it sweet,  
Of a happiness replete ;  
Trill your softest for the ear  
Of the wondering baby near ;  
Sing of brooks and dancing foam  
In your sun-drenched forest home —  
Baby listens, you must sing  
That the coming years will bring  
More of sunny days than rain —  
Don Orsino, sing to Jane !

## THE OLD SETTLERS' PICNIC

The dust is on the ragweed, the cricket  
singin' shrill,  
There are ragged holes a-showin' in the  
sunflower's yellow frill,  
Katydidis give warnin' that the summer 's  
soon to end,  
All out-doors is hummin' and its hum-  
min's seem to blend;  
The solar system's blazin' its driest  
August heat,  
An' its time for us old settlers and  
pioneers to meet;  
The barns are left to pigeons, the thrash-  
er's roar is still,  
For dust is on the ragweed, an' the  
cricket singin' shrill !

When speeches in the shady grove have  
ended one by one,  
When reports of th' committees an' elec-  
tions are all done,

With the teedlein' of the merry-go-round a-pipin' through it all  
An' the yellin' of the "weenie" man;  
              "peanuts an' popcorn" call,  
We're hungrier than coyotes, an' the cake that mother made  
Tastes delicious after sandwiches an' swigs o' lemonade;  
The band 'll play, there 's dancing, a race 'll then be run—  
But pioneers at picnics have a heartache with their fun.

I watch the balloon ascension, an' I try to ring a cane,  
I look the racin' horses over from their withers to their mane,  
I bite a straw, stand gassin' about politics an' crops,  
Argy 'bout "imperialism" with democrats and pops,

But there 's a solemn feelin' — that  
memorial report  
Brings up faces, not forgotten, that used  
to watch the sport,  
An' — I'm just a-sneezin' — I get a lone-  
some thrill  
When the dust is on the ragweed, and  
the cricket singin' shrill !

## MY RED BIRD

Out in the woods, in mossy nooks  
The redbird sings of flickering brooks  
That glide through glades, where up-  
ward looks  
The fern through rifts to the wheeling  
rooks—  
Oh ! the redbird's notes are sweet.

Out in the woods, through grassy glens  
My baby calls to the echo dens,  
And laughs aloud in leafy lairs  
As loitering, she onward fares,  
And my redbird's laugh is sweet.

Snug in our nest, yes, thine and mine,  
Our redbird sleeps, our babe, yes thine,  
And drifts through dreams a-glint,  
a-shine  
With radiant love, oh love divine--  
Ah ! my redbird babe, sleep sweet !

## BABY'S FIRST BIRTHDAY

Out of the land of age-by-months,  
To the land of one-year-old,  
My baby drifts all cosily  
As roses of June unfold.  
And drowsy drone of summer's song,  
Of bees a-loitering by,  
Of bird and breeze and tree top leaf,  
Sing her birthday lullaby.

Out of a land of eat-and-sleep  
To a realm of creep-around,  
My baby slips so sleepily  
In a world all lullabye sound.  
Does she sigh for the world she left  
    behind,  
As she wearily snuggles to rest,  
When the one red taper has sputtered out  
And the rose has left the west?

## A QUESTION

Oh is it true, as it seems to be,  
The sob in my baby's cry  
Is the sob unheard, with the tear unseen  
Of her mother's last goodbye?

Oh, is it real, as it seems to be,  
The anguish her mother bore  
Is aching yet in my baby's heart,  
Or is that pain no more?

Oh baby dear, were it really true,  
Were heartache yours, a sigh,  
The God who ordered thus would rule  
That buds, ere blooms, must die.

## THE WEST-BOUND TRAIN

A sod house on the broad brown miles,  
Our home — on a prairie farm —  
Scant pleasure there the heart beguiles  
Till the night train's shrill alarm.

Afar looms smoke o'er snow-flecked  
grass —  
Lights gleam from crowded cars —  
A glimpse of life as train sounds pass,  
Then the sod house — and the stars.

Thoughts fly fast to the old home place,  
To a face through a lamp-lit pane,  
Far east through dusk whence flashed  
the race  
Of the west-bound, roaring train.

From our cabin to the stars we turn,  
Fade drudgery and pain,  
The lights of hope do freshly burn  
New kindled by a train.

## WHEN THE THRESHER STOPS

The sun sinks to the prairie, its blazing  
colors spread,  
The yellow straw turns ruddy from the  
radiance overhead.  
Not a word is spoken but the bundles,  
grimly fed,  
Make of golden dust a halo, where spin-  
ning grain is sped ;  
Shadows stretch far over stubble, then  
the stubble turns to brown  
And the thresher's roaring stops — when  
the August sun is down.

A clatter of a windmill ; puff of breezes,  
sweet  
With fragrant harvest odor from yon  
miles of new-cut wheat.

Sprawled on grassy door-yard, I hear the  
    big trees purr,  
See all the stars come blinking — just  
    don't want to stir;  
Forget the ache of threshing, as Care  
    forgets to frown,  
Want to lie here just a-dreaming, as the  
    August night comes down.

## THE WASHIN' ON THE LINE

There wus somethin' real uncanny in its  
antics in the wind,  
Flannels all a-writhin', as though tor-  
tured, havin' sinned ;  
White sheets flutterin' mildly, with eerie  
flop an' sway  
Thet were even quite unsettlin' at the  
middle of the day !  
But when the dusk of ev'nin' came steal-  
in' over things  
Those empty arms began to make some  
twitchy sort o' flings,  
Seemed as if they beckoned at you with  
direful, spectral sign,  
Used to fairly scare me, the washin' on  
the line !

Now I have a longin' for that sight of  
boyhood days  
And for the sudsy odors thet washdays  
allus raise ;

I want to see familiar duds a-dryin' in  
the air —  
Blouses, nightshirts, all the things we  
fellows used to wear,  
And frocks o' checked blue gingham my  
little sisters wore  
With shawls pinned on behind a-trailin'  
on the floor;  
I'm lonesome fur the playmates of child-  
hood days of mine,  
When swung at midday, years ago, the  
washin' on the line.

## SPRING BONFIRES

Stare up at the treetops, robins chirruping there;  
Break the twigs of maples; sap and some to spare;  
Look for buds and grass-blades, sit basking in the shine  
Of moonlight all delicious, sun as mel-  
low as old wine—  
World is all a-singing, glad on foot and wing,  
And the sweetest sign of the world's re-  
vival is the bonfires every spring.

Oh, the fragrance of the blazes when the  
spring wakes up the world  
With magic in the smoke haze, as from  
wizard's urn it curled,  
Awakens childhood day-dreams, all the  
joys of joyous youth,  
Loved faces peer in memory from garden  
hats uncouth

As the figure of the father moves again  
    with sturdy swing  
Raking for the bonfire of a dear and by-  
    gone spring.

## MY COMPANION

With my shadow for comrade I walked  
in the morn ;  
The sun shimmered frost on stalks of the  
corn  
And cock crowed to cock far clarion  
glee—  
But silent the comrade that Death left  
for me.

With my shadow I walked at radiant  
noon,  
The world was all drowsy with Autumn's  
low croon,  
And calls of young mothers to children  
at play  
Made my comrade's drear silence more  
heavily weigh.

With my shadow I walked when near  
    was the dusk,  
Bright sun had thawed stubbles, whose  
    incense of musk  
Conjured pictures for me of a hope-  
    lighted past  
That faded as vanished my shadow, at  
    last.

My shadow my comrade forever must be,  
Walking and working — fast wedded are  
    we  
While springs turn to summers, while  
    autumns grow bleak,  
Till, winters all ending, my sweetheart  
    shall speak.

## HOPE

There is no night ; the sun may sink  
from sight  
And end resplendent day, but ere its final  
ray  
Hath faded quite there gleams above,  
less bright,  
The even's stars, to stay till dawn doth  
show its grey  
Of a new and different day.

There is no death ; the final mortal  
breath,  
And then behold ! New light to those  
who hold that moment blight,  
New courage in the dread hour told to  
wait, to work, to fight.  
The heart is new-cast in bereavement's  
rigid mold,  
For a world both grey and cold.

## WHEN BEATRICE PLAYS

The lilt and laugh of a light refrain  
Flung by from flying fingers—  
Flecks of sun in flow'ry lane  
Where summer ev'ning lingers,  
Thrushes thrills of melodies,  
Morns of glittering dew—  
Dancing dust of harmonies  
When Beatrice plays to you.

Largo lull, then a low lament  
Brave in major phrasing,  
Sorrows' song so simply blent  
With Fate's and Fortune's praising !  
Voiced is dark of forest dense  
And serenest rift of blue ;  
Bass despair to hope intense,  
When Beatrice plays to you.

Rattle and rush and roar of rain,  
Crescendo notes in a minor ;  
Estatic eddies of swift refrain  
Flood fuller and free and finer —

Call you out from a catacombed coast  
To be lulled on the rippling blue,  
To dream the dreams you like the  
most—  
While Beatrice plays to you.

### A LAMENT

Death, who com'st to some like sleep  
That doth o'er some so gently creep  
None may morn the memory —  
Why may this not always be?

Why comest ever in horrid guise  
To close so roughly weary eyes?  
When victor, oh vaunt not power to us —  
Why, if God-sent, comest thus?

## TO A NEW CLOCK

Good clock, new upon the wall,  
Astir with life, be kindly as you count  
    the hours;  
A month, a year, Spring, Summer, Fall,  
And Winter, in living the life that 's ours.  
Give no heed when death is yearned  
For need there is to live and strive, but  
    tune thy voice  
To gladdest note when death is earned  
And we with our loves rejoice.

## SEHNSUCHT

Ah, there was a maid whose dancing eyes  
Look back to me neath summer skies,  
Blue arched o'er hillside daisies :  
Midst fields of white all drenched with  
sun

Her eyes, aglow with love just won,  
Laughed back at lover's phrases.  
Then sung the wind that swept her hair  
Of rapture of that future fair  
Of sanguine love's fond dreaming ;  
There blossoms billowed, gold and  
white,  
Bright butterflies winged a care-free  
flight—  
As gay as young life's seeming !

Ah, my sweet bride ! welcoming word  
And whispered love my wonder stirred  
And love took graver rhythm ;

Her eyes had depths all new to me—  
That I as lover could not see—  
Starlight and dew were i' them.  
Warm lights shone at dusk from home  
Their ruddy cheer through storm-blown  
    foam,

In calm serene were glowing.  
But storm or calm, one brave sweet voice  
Through ev'ry day acclaimed my  
    choice—

In sun our lives were flowing.

But came a day, a mother wept—  
She could not hold her babe that slept—  
Dragged weeks and months so grimly!  
Across our lives the shadow fell  
Of pain I could not share nor tell,  
Though I knew her love not dimly.  
There is a mound neath giant elms;  
Below, a glen of sun-sought realms

Where ferns and flowers pierce leafy  
mould  
When life succeeds to death and cold ;  
Oh, Death, she loved these ferns, loved  
life,  
Thou canst not claim my sweetheart-  
wife !  
Oh, maiden loved in summer sun  
And wooed midst sylvan glory,  
Whose life and mine were briefly one,  
The grave ends not the story :  
Though now, akin to sorrow's horde  
I grieve at mourners' sombre pall,  
In sifting rays of hope is stored  
The broader human love, — for all !

## TO A GOLF STICK

Made of hick'ry, iron heeled,  
Friend indeed in midst of field,  
Midiron yclept, stalwart stock  
Hear me now, a hummer knock,  
Put me in in barely two—  
High and far, direction true!

When with fav'rite middie I  
Tramp the upland, blue the sky,  
Mellow sunshine over all  
Where the bobolinkums' call,  
Brings to mind the freshest breeze  
When thou drovest ball from upland  
tees.

Sturdy golf stick, life is fair  
When I swing thee in country air,  
Loft the sphere from bunker lie,  
Speed it where the hole flags fly —  
Approaching shot with two to spare,  
Then, oh then, the world is fair !

With clumsy topping, grubbing stroke,  
Often thou my heart hast broke,  
Won and lost we have together,  
Foursome played in gresome weather,  
Dear thou art at times of winning,  
Foozle thou, and thou go'st spinning !

Mashie, driver, brassie, all  
Have small skill in back-spin fall;  
Loftier light and heavy one too  
Have no charm with work to do ;  
Skill and speed, ye midiron pet,  
Show the rubber, shine or wet !

Apt and sturdy, when you're whirled  
What is needed show the world ;  
Deftly done thy hammer stroke,  
Like heart of roses, arm of oak,  
Learn from thee can all of men,-  
But is that why I love thee, then ?

## A GUST OF WINTER

Ho, ho, ho, heigho!  
Lustily, gustily the rough blasts blow,  
Busily, dizzily the flakes whirl by,  
Drifting and sifting neath a storm-night  
    sky;  
Oh Wind, stop and tell me why,  
Why not laugh—so woefully sigh?  
The wind stormed on, a life went by;  
Years answered that question, his ques-  
    tion, “why”?

*Here ends CLOVER & THISTLE  
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